THE POWER OF THE CRIMP.

RXISTING LAW STILL INADEQUATE
TO PROTECT SAILORS.

The Allotment Substituted for the Advance on Wages Schemes of Crimps to Pocket
Part of Seamen's Pay—Causes of the Failure of Laws to Prevent This So Par.
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About fifteen years ago advances on seamen's wages were abolished by law. and the system of an allotment substituted as a step toward the further protection of the sailor from the consequences of his own folly and improvidence. The change may have found some excuse in the muddled understanding of the Legislators of the time, but never had any in the minds of either sailors or outside observers. It's only advantage lay in the fact that it lessened somewhat the amount is the fact that it lessened somewhat the amount is the fact that it lessened somewhat the amount is the fact that it lessened somewhat the amount is a start that the delusion that he selects with empty pocket and stometh is only an incident to a sailor; and stometh is only an incident to a sailor; and stometh is only an incident to a sailor; and stometh is only an incident to a sailor; and stometh is o the fact that it lessened somewhat the amount that could be subtracted in one item from the sailor's pay at the end of the voyage.

The advance, was given, not in money, but in Superior Truthfulness of the Man Who the form of a note. This note, properly countersigned by the United States Shipping Commissioner and the sailor was expected to outfit himself from | willin' to go on record over a so-help-me. the landlord's stock. But the sailor received little or no cash. A discount was first subtracted and to be my pardner before he got rich and killed on top of this a fictitious bill for board, lodging, himself livin' too high in 'Frisco, Sam used to advance note-one, two or three months' wages.

placed the sailor in the power of the crimp, in that | busy fishin' and didn't notice a squall comin' on his submission to these exactions. They saw, was happenin' they was bein' blowed out to se also, that it furnished the crimp-an unnecessary at the rate of about forty miles a minute er so. of his pay, keep him too drunk or stupid to know and put themselves in the hands uv Providence.

visit of an angel, it follows that the creditor- | mornin' they was hungry and dry. the crimp - received the allotment as it fell due, could secure. But against this was the lessen ing of the time he could remain on shore, for the allotments in one sum and the difference between allotment and advance became one of name only.

Now, it may be hard for the lay mind to undera help toward providing an outfit-can work harm to an intelligent wage-earner, able to destrangeness of his surroundings on shore, his susceptibility to the influence of drink, arising from months of abstemiousness at sea; an impoverished vital system due to poor food and exposure, his improvident habits and lack of forethought, it will readily be seen why he is an easy victim to whoever is disposed to take advantage of his limitations. This individual is found in the crimp. He keeps a sailors' board. | demonstration. ing house, sells drink and clothing to his boarders and contracts with ship captains for crews. Nat. | quiet, "it wasn't liquor. It was a quar boule | first made me think seriously about you." urally, he makes up his list from those heaviest | though, tight corked, and Sam had the cork out in debt to him, driving them to the shipping in about two winks of a cat's eye, and it was full I ever had the valentine habit?"

efficient in their duties, but the runners are not molested by the captain or males.

Such action would make it difficult for the ship to find a crew when ready to sail; and the men more or less intoxicated, excited by the proximity of land, anxious to quit the ship—surrander themselves to the runners, and when free accompany them to their boarding houses. Here they receive spending money—usually a five dollar bill apiece—pending the time when they are paid off at the commissioner's office, three days later. Then they are dosed with more liquer, fed at a table where the food, though of the plainest, is beyond their criticism, and then, after a night of stupefication, they are informed for perhaps this is deferred for a few days) that they have borrowed and spent \$10, \$5, or \$20, or any "mount which the crimp believes is safe to mare. The sailor, with aching head and hazy feedliess, cannot deny it, for he does not know, and the crimp can produce his books and witnesses. When the sailor draws his pay he is relieved of it by some one, providing he can be made drunk; if he remains sober his chances for spending it as he wishes is as good as that of the rest of sober humanity.

On Feb. 20, 1899, a law went into effect reducing allotment to one month's wages, and this wrought consternation among the crimes. For one

A FISH AND A BEAR.

Does Not Tell Fish Stories.

"As fer me," said Caleb the mountain guide -a functionary appointed by the Government who knows the forest fastnesses of the Cascade to attend to the shipping and discharging of sea- Range as no other man knows them, "I ain't men-was given to the sailor when he signed given to tellin' what ain't so and I'd jest as soon articles for a voyage, and by him handed to the as not take my affidavy to anything I have to only man who would take the trouble to cash it say as if I was on the witness stand. In fact -the crimp, who had fed and lodged him, and I'd a mite ruther, fer no matter how honest a man who, in the capacity of shipping master, had is there is always somebody around suspicionin' secured for him his berth. With his two other of him. What I tell is reliable and could be wrote functions the crimp combined that of storekeeper, right into a history But 'tain't everybody is

"Fer instance, there was Sam Rogers that used

money lent and clothing furnished, the whole tell how he was fishin' one day down in Floridy. carefully contrived to use up the amount of the He had a nigger feller with him and they pulled out in a sailboat about a quarter of a mile from Reformers of the time saw that the system | shore to ketch a mess fer supper. They was it made his berth in a new ship wholly dependent up till it had 'em, and before they knowed what middleman-with a lucrative income derived | They tried to git the boat turned round and go ultimately from the sailer's pocket, and dependent the other way, but the wind blowed so they couldn't only on the ability to get hold of the sailor, rob him | do a thing but let it go and they give up at last the amount of his real indebtedness, and as soon | The wind blowed a gale till midnight and wound as possible find him a berth and present his bill up by blowing their mast and sail away, leaving them on the bosom uv the deep, as Sam used to So they substituted the allotment plan for the say, at the mercy of the waves. They laid down old system. The new system permitted the sailor in the little cabin of the boat and give up fer gone to allot \$10 of each month's wages for four months | coon skins, but they was alive when mornin' to a member of his family or a creditor, payable come and clean out of sight of land, they didn't at the end of each month after the ship had sailed. know how fer. They didn't have anything to As the deep-sea sailor, with wife, child or parent eat either, ner to drink, not countin' on a long depending upon him, is about as scarce as the voyage, and when they got their senses in the

"To make things wuss, the sun come out about and the only advantage to the sailor came from 6 o'clock and got hotter'n a red hot stove lid. the lessening of the amount which the crimp They drifted around all day hopin' to see some vessel er other, but they didn't, and when night come, they was in a powerful bad fix that was crimp would would not keep him after he ceased | wuss the next mornin'. Sam said he was goin' to be profitable. After a while it became cus. to kill the nigger and cat him, but he never did like tomary for owners or agents to pay all of the four | the dark meat, so he held off awhile and the nigger thought mebbe they might ketch a fish. The boat was a fishin' craft with all kinds of tackle on board, and the nigger rigged a big hook and stand how an advance on wages-ostensibly line and said mebbe he might ketch a tarpon. That's what he done, too, after along time, and he was a big one weighin over a hundred pound. mand his rights. But, taking into account the It was a job landin' him, but Sam said, desperite peculiar personality of the deep sea merchant men could do anything when they tried and Sam seaman-his ignorance of the world and the and the nigger didn't let that tarpon git away, There was a little oil stove in the cabbin, and they went right at the fish to git a piece of him as soon as they could. The nigger held the fish on his back and Sam ripped him open, and when he did, by gravy, his knife hit somethin' hard and Sam bottle.

The listeners were on the point of making a

"No. gents," sad Caleb, holding up his hand for office like carde, with virtually nothing to say as to their destination or faie.

To carry on this trade in human flesh the New York crimp employs a corps of runners, or so-licitors, who, armed with flasks of whiskey, bearders. There is competition among these runners, but no quarrels. Quarrelling would be fatal to their situation feelin a good drink appears of the fish that they coosed, then they said. Before the ship is docked the men are often so plied with liquor as to render them in efficient in their dudies; but the runners are not endered with lace and saved their lires. Such action would make it difficult for the skip.

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Such action would make it difficult for the skip.

Such action with nice mineral water. It was full two lines mineral water. It was full the valentine habit.

The should say you had, "said the valentine habit."

The should say you had, "said this wife; "in its cold. too, as the inside of a fish, and when Sam and the night of some one seed. It was full the the size of color and actually hugged each with larger right out of the same bottle, and the night of said the night of some one seed. I feel certain that I never expressed my effect certain that I never habits as in like the missing of some one size. I feel certain that I never habits form.

"Arms. Bobley, you are thinking of some one size. I feel certain that I never habits with enter."

There were intention."

There were intenting t To carry on this trade in human flesh the New York crimp employs a corps of runners, or solicitors, who, armed with flasks of whiskey, heard each incoming ship, seeking bearders. There is competition among these runners, but no quarrels. Quarrelling would be fatal to their ands. Before the ship is docked the men are often so plied with liquor as to render them intefficient in their duties; but the runners are not molested by the captain or mates.

Such action would make it difficult for the ship.

a cabin about five miles from the nearest camp where there was a store. I was over there one day after a few supplies, includia of a gallon of coal oil, what you call kairosene nowadays. As I was comin elong home about 2 o clock in the afternoon, a big grizzly bear, that I thought was an elephant come tumblin out of the thicket along the trail and stopped, facin me rot lifty yards away. We both kinder skeered each other I guess, fer we stood lookin at each other fer a second, and then the bear come fer me. I drapped everything, except the coal oil, and would 'a drapped that, I reckon, but I had it hung 'round my neck with a string, and started down, the trail. Jest a little ways back there was a role about twenty feet high put up by some surveyors four er five years before that fer some kind of a signal station, and when I got to it I skinned up it

specified has been as designed the second and strategy of the chances for spending it as the wishes on February 1500 a law west interesting allottenest to one month's wages, and this wrought allottenest to one month's wages, and this wrought and the controlled and the controlled

### DOBLEY'S OLD VALENTINES

HIS WIFE CONFRONTS HIM WITH FORMER PROOFS OF DEVOTION.

Freshington's Buried Sorrow-Eloquent Pink Hearts and Golden Arrows-Verses Telling of a Lover's Hopes and Pangs-Up-to-date Valentine for Mrs. Dobley. "All the sweet old customs are dying out," sighed Mrs. Dobley. "Valentine's Day is getting to be an old-fashioned joke, like everything else that is a bit sentimental. And yet I can recollect how every year when we were engaged, you used to send

with some pretty thought in verse." "Valentines," said Mr. Dobley, "are relics of an era when a man got on his knees to propose and when girls thought it the proper caper to act like startled fawns on all occasions. They were a maudlin, indirect way of expressing affection that a man was afraid to speak of---

"That's it," said Mrs. Dobley, "you sneer not at everything you once swore by. In some cases the passing of youth leaves a certain trace of romance that clings to the personality like the fragrance to a vase that has once held flowers; in others, the sentiments are suffocated by the crush of modern life."

"The only kind of valentine I admire," said Mr. Dobley, "is the penny valentine. Did you ever know that Freshington broke off his engagement to a girl he thought a great deal of on account of a penny valentine? He hates the day to come

around.' "How was that?" asked Mrs. Dobley with interest. "Freshington was devoted to this girl-really in love with her, you know; but she didn't seem to see it at all, and she was absolutely devoid of sentiment. Freshington hasn't much himself, but this girl hadn't even a symptom of it. When Valentine's Day came around she sent him a penny valentine representing a lovelorn youth. I forget the verse-but when Freshington tells the story of his life he recites it with great bitter-

"Freshington took the valentine to her, accused her of sending it and she admitted it; thought it was a good joke. Freshington parted with her forever. He said he didn't mind his feelings

"Ah," thought Freshington, 'the dear little girl is probably writing me a note asking me to forget her foolish act! He stole up softly behind her just as they do in plays and what do you think

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mrs. Dobley. "She was sending another penny valentine to her mother in Chicago. That settled it! "Freshington never got over that. He said it killed every spark of affection he had ever felt for her." "I always suspected that Freshington had a great deal of hidden sentiment about him. It always seemed odd that he has never married," said Mrs. Dobley.

"Well, that's the reason," said Dobley; Freshington gets to talking about that girl yet. He says she had many lovable and redeeming traits give it another rip, when out dropped a black | but he couldn't imagine her as the sunlight of a home or any thing of that sort. He was all broken up about it."

You see valentines mean a lot," said Mrs. Dobley; "it was the valentines you sent me that "Oh, come now," said Mr. Dobley: "don't tell me

ited with blue baby ribbon.
"Is this a private mausoleum of yours?" he asked. "They look like corpses—" of vanished sentiment" said Mrs. Dobley, looking at him from under her lashes as she used to years ago; "they are your old valentines to be a sentiment of the sentiment of th

to years ago; "they are your old valentines to me."

"Well I'll be—blessed!" exclaimed Dobley; "Do you mean to say you have kept those fool things ell these years?"

Mrs. Robley nodded without speaking. She was kneeling leside the open drawer looking at the queer little white bundles rapturously, "This," she said almost in a whisper as she picked one reverently out of the lot, "is the first. I was at school and I never suspected that it was you. You see there was another boy"—

"Several others," said Dobley. "Now I can recollect calling to see you and you showed me that valentine and said you thought it was from the other fellow until finally—"

"Finally—you told me the truth about it. I knew I could find out in time, for no man ever sends anything anonymously to a girl without coming round in a few days and looking unconscious."

She unfolded it as carefully as though it were a She unfolded it as carefully as though it were a baby. It was a wonderful ornate affair, as Bobley said, made with a paper background from which various lace work frames could be raised on little paper springs until they stood out from the card creating the effect of a kiralfy transformation scene. Two rink armless hands were clasped in the distance showing just a hint of coat sleeve and a ruffle of lace to make the question of sex distinct. A crushed strawberry heart seemed thrown carelessly at the side from which drops or carmine cozed at the point of a golden arrow.

"Listen to this—" began Mrs. Bobley reading with difficulty the faded tracery of letters:

"There are some spirits filly strung."

"There are some spirits fitly strung To echo back the tones of mine To echo back the tones of mine—
"Oh say!" said Mr. Dobley; "don't rake up old
follies of that sort. Boys will be boys!
"That wouldn't matter so much," said Mrs.
Dobley; "if girls didn't insist on being girls—
and on staying girls till the end of the chapter!"
"All but that girl of Freshington's," said Dobley trying to change the subject as Mrs. Dobley
seemed on the verge of an emotional break down.
"Now I like that valentine," he went on; "all
but the heart. It suggests a slaughter house
to me now. And the girl here on the left scaffold
with a rose. What has she to do with the plot!"
"Why, can't you see?" said Mrs. Dobley dimpling: "that's supposed to be me— I always understood it that way and her eyes and mouth certainly are like mine!" tainly are like mine!

"But she's a blonde," said Dobley, "Why should I pick out a blonde valentine to send to a brunette girl. I wonder if I could have mixed

'em up?"
Mrs. Dobley refolded it softly. "The next," she said: "was more serious. You had gone away to college and I think that was about the time "I jealous?" said Dobley. "Ha— ha— ha— ha! you were frightfully so," said Mrs. Dob-

"Trust no idle promise Words are but grains of sand— To keep your heart unbroken——

"I can't make out the rest—can you?"
"Listen to the band," said Mr. Dobley affecting "I can't make out the rest—can you?"
"Listen to the band" said Mr. Dobley affecting to read from the valentine. "It's a magnificently uphoistered affair, isn't it? Reminds me of a temerance badge."
It was a hand painted satin plaque framed in a deep border of pale blue plush. In the corners were bow knots of silver. A rosy cupidsat on a gray cloud, his arrow poised.
"It's really pretty yet," exclaimed Mrs. Dobley holding it at arms length.
"It's what I should call chaste," said Doblay. "What is the screed in gold ink below the archery champion?"
"Though rocks and hil s divide us,' read Mrs. Dobley, 'And you I cannot see, I'll think of you in kindness, If you will think of me!"
"That's rather chilly, isn'tit" said Dobley.
"That was after I refused you for the first time," said Mrs. Dobley. "I really cared for you, but I thought you were too serious.
"I should have thought that my valentines would have dispelled that illusion," said Mr. Dobley, turning the plush-framed card over in his hand with a smile.
"That's it," said Mrs. Dobley, "you can't see

turning the plush-framed card over in his hand with a smile.
"That's it," said Mrs. Dobley, "you can't see now how sweet it all was then. You've actually forgotten. A woman never does!"
"There are some things a man likes to forget," said bobley recognizing a warning gulp in Mrs. Dobley's voice, which threatened tears.
"The third one," she said, without addressing Dobley specially. "came in a box. They got more elaborate every year. This one was one of those mystical symbolic things. I used to puzzle out what you meant by it. It was a Paris valentine, and I would have showed it to every one I knew except this group of girls on the beach here hadn't anything on but spray, and it seemed just a trifle startling!" a trifle startling."

"I should say so!" said Dobley. "I must have had more nerve then than I have now to send that to a girl. It reminds me of the Puffman House. How did my soul express itself on this eccasion?"

me the most charming and artistic remembrances

Mrs. Dobley pried open a satin rose with the tip of her little finger. "Wasn't it a lovely idea? Written in the heart of the rose. 'Remember me but why? You can't forget me if you try! Isn't that cute?"
"Honor bright," said Dobley, "I never knew that verse was there! I just hought the thing on the salesman's recommendation. I can recollect it now. I asked him for the latest thing, and he pushed that on me and I bought it."
"Number four," said Mrs. Dobley, "you wrote yourself. Yes—here it is in your own handwriting."
"That's one of the things I should have type-written," said Dobley recognizing it with a groan.
"Why, I think it's lovely," said Mrs. Dobley; "because, you see. I recollect the reason."
"There could be no reason," said Dobley, "no reason but an unsound mind. I'll buy that from you now at your own price. 'There's a chance for you to make money, Mrs. Dobley. How much will you take for it?"
"I wouldn't sell it for anything in the world!" said Mrs. Dobley. "That was just before you proposed the second time. I knew you were your tried to be awfully serious, and pretend that you didn't really care. Well, it rather amused me, and—"
"Oh, it amused you, did it?" asked Dobley;

didn't really care. Well, it rather amused me, and—"Oh, it amused you, did it?" asked Dobley; "It struck you as humorous—" "That you should be so serious. So I rather used to make fun of you—" Mrs., Dobley giggled at the recollection
"To guy me, as it were?" said Dobley.
"Oh, not quite that" said Mrs. Dobley, "but a g'rl has to act like that till she's quite sure. Its like having her own monogram put on the things in her trousseau. You never know what might happen. So you wrote this—you composed it yourself you told me"
"As bad as that!" said Dobley.
"I think its beautiful," said Mrs. Dobley; "now listen:

listen:
"Some people can always be funny,
And keep you laughing all the while;
Now I am entirely contented,
If I only can see you smile!"

"Not so bad, that" said Dobley, lighting a cigar to conceal his confusion. "I think it's a dear!" said Mrs. Dobley. "It was the first poem you ever wrote me. The was the first poem you ever wrote me others—"
"How much will you take for the bunch?" asked "How much will you take for the bullet."

Mr. Dobley. "I have "The others," went on Mrs. Dobley, "I have upstairs with some flowers from my wedding bouquetand some other little things that I wouldn't part with for all the money in the world. And to think it's all done with and we're old and prosaic and commonplace and don't care for each other except in a stupid sort of married-folk way—and Valentine's Day don't make a bit of difference to us—no romance—"

to us—no romance——"
"Do they make em now-a-days?" said Dobley.
"What!" asked Mrs. Dobley.
"Valentines."

forever. He said he didn't mind his feelings being hurt so much as discovering that she was capable of such an unwomanly, flippant exhibition of bad taste. Then Freshie went heme and staid mad for two days. Then he began to think that after all, it was only a gitlish foily—that even now she was sorry for. Probably she was crying about it even then. Sometimes those funny girls have good hearts, he thought. So he decided to go back and forgive her.

"She was an art student, a Chicago girl, who had taken a studio, and just at twilight one afternoon, Freshie put on a new tie and got a shine and a shave and went over. He knew about that time she'd be having tea and perhaps thinking of the happy afternoons when he used to be there. The studio door was open and she was writing at her desk with her back to the door.

"Ah," thought Freshington, 'the dear little girl is probably writing me a note asking me to "Yes?" said Mrs. Dobley. "Collected these—these prize pack-ages—"

"Wall mrs. Dobley. "There are two ways of sending mer up to date. There are two ways of sending wise them they day for long to the confectioners and they have great satin boxes beautifully ornamented with cupids and roses and bow knots—done by have great satin boxes beautifully ornamented with cupids and roses and bow knots—done by have great satin boxes beautifully ornamented with cupids and roses and bow knots—done by have great satin boxes beautifully ornamented with cupids and roses and bow knots—done by have great satin boxes beautifully ornamented with cupids and roses and bow knots—done by have great satin boxes beautifully ornamented with cupids and roses and bow knots—done by have great satin boxes beautifully ornamented with cupids and roses and bow knots—done by have great satin boxes beautifully ornamented with cupids and roses and bow knots—done by lavel number. You go to the forists and get a big—"Sert of verseless valentines. You go to the forists and get a big—"Sert of verseless valentines. You go to the forists and get a big—"Sert of

ages—"Yes?" said Mrs. Dobley. "Let's suppose it's not really so—that we are still remante."—"In which case," said bobley, which particular brand of the modern valentine would you prefer?"
"I think," said Mrs. Dobley, smiling as she put her head softly on Dobley's shoulder, "I think I should like both."

MEDICINE IN NEW YORK IN 1800. Dr. Carney Describes Quaint Remedies and Ideas a Century Ago.

At the last meeting of the New York Historical Society Dr. Sydney H. Carney, Jr., read a paper on "The New York Medical Profession in 1800." The better to put his hearers into the proper mental attitude for what he had to say to them Dr. Carney reminded them that at the time of which he was speaking peach, plum and pear trees flourished in Madison Square, and Babylonian maples and sycamore trees waved their branches as they had done for generations in City Hall Park. Sleigh-ride parties to neighboring taverns were popular diversions, with the physicians as with the laity. One doctor records that at one of these jollifications he "partook of pancakes

"It can show you the proofs, said Mrs. Dobley frumphantly; "for I sull have them."

She turned the key in a drawer of the library desk and as she opened it a faint odor of lavender came up through the room. Dobley gazed in astonishment at several mysterious looking packets wrapped in white linen handkerchels used with blue haby ribbon.

"Is this a private mausoleum of yours?" he asked. "They look like corpses—"of vanished sentiment said Mrs. Dobley, looking a him from under her lashes as she used to years ago; "they are your old valencines to me."

"Well I'll be—blessed!" exclaimed Dobley; Too you mean to say you have kept those look things all these years?"

Mrs. Dobley nodded without speaking. She was kneeling leside the open drawer looking at the queer little white bundles rapturously. "This," she said almost in a whisper as she picked one reverently out of the lot, "is the first, was at school and I never suspected that it was four You see there was another boy"—

"Several others," said Dotley. "Now I can be leaded cane." These canes formerly had within the heads aromatic vinegar, which had its uses. "Small clattes," and Dr. Carney, "were rapidly disappearing, and pantaloons were covering a multitude of skins. There were five medical schools in the United State in 1800, at Columbia College, at Philadelphia, Cambridge, Dartmeuth and Lexington, Ky. The chair of chemistry included study of the natural bodies, scenutie medicine, rational and experimental agriculture in other things. "No doubt the rational and experimental agriculture in the country," said the doctor. In 1798 sixteen doctors here had lost their lives trying to mitigate the sufferings caused by the plague. The papy of doctors at Bellevie was three miles out of town.

The propagation of disease by specific germs was not then a fact accepted by all. The vellow fever was brought here from the West Indies then as now, and conditions here favored its special cane." then as now, and conditions here favored its spread. Yet a Philadelphia doctor writing to one of his New York brothers said: "Yellow fever, so long as the laws of nature endure, cannot be imported, but is the outgrowth of existing conditions." There has been some speculation among the

conditions."

There has been some speculation among the curious as to the prevalence of gripes at bedtime among New Yorkers of a hundred years ago. The remedy for this complaint prescribed by the physicians was nutmed and brandy and the yolk of an egg to be taken before going to bed. For apoplexy, salt and cold water were to be used, whereupon the patient was "immediately to come to himself." A toothache remedy efficacious always with one exception in the practice of one physician was to crush a lady bug between the thumb and forefinger and then to rub the finger on the gum and tooth. Freshly crushed bugs were recommended. For the bite of a mad dog the prescription was an ounce of the jawbone of the dog, some colt's longue and a scruple of verdigris, that taken from the coppers of George I, and George II, being preferred, of which compound a tenspoinful a day was to be taken. If that failed to cure 180 grains of verdigns and half an ounce of calomel were to be given in one dose by a physician in person. If this still failed four grains of pure opium were given to the patient. This last was a secret remedy so successful that four grains of pure opium were given to the patient. This last was a secret remedy so successful that early in the century the State Legislature bought

carly in the century the State Legislature bought the secret for \$1,000.

For a visit the fee chargod was \$1, for a visit and a dose \$1.25. Pills were 12 cents. Doctors got \$1 a mile for going out of town. It cost \$3 to get one to Brooklyn and \$10 to have one visit Staten Island. For bleeding a charge of from \$1 to \$5 was made.

Tadpoles figured in the regimen of that day to such an extent that it is said the people of Vermont in a senson of scarcity almost fattened on them. And one of New York's famous physicians spent a part of his time in the study of the alimentary qualities of these tid-bits.

HUNTING BOARS IN MARYLAND. Mr. Smith Expects to Have a Week's Sport on Spesutia Island.

From the Baltimore Sun.

HAVRE DE GRACE, Md., Feb. 4. - On the farm of John Donnell Smith, on Spesutia Island, there is a herd of 100 or more wild boars. They are wild and vicious and have their lairs in the cover of the marshes, which they rove at will. Spesutia Island is about six miles south of this city and contains some 1,500 acres of very fertile land, but in addition to this, there are vast marshes between it and the mainland. The island is divided into three farms of about equal portions, the Smith farm being on the lower extremity. Several years ago some of the hogs on the farm were neglected and allowed to inhabit the marshes. They bred there and now they are unapproachable. Not withstanding the great loss to their progeny by drowning in high tides, the herd has increased. At first little attention was paid to the animals. At first little attention was paid to the animals, but with the increase in their numbers and flerceness Mr. Smith has concluded to exterminate them, partiularly as their depredations upon the crops are doing great damage. To prevent nocturnativists to the farm Mr. Smith had water fences constructed, reaching a considerable distance from shore, but he found that it was only amusement for them to swim around these fences, even in a heavy seaway. It is generally believed that a hog can swim but a short distance until the contact of the front hoofs cuts the throat, but these boars can swim a mile with comfort.

Mr. Smith proposes to start a crusade against contact of the front hoofs cuts the throat, but these boars can swim a mile with comfort.

Mr. Smith proposes to start a crusade against the boars in a few days and expects to get much sport from the hunt. A pack of dogs will be required to start the beasts from their lairs and bring them to the open, where they may be shot. This means the sacrifice of many of the dogs, as when cornered one of these boars will make short work of his antagonist. Some of the boars are very large and have great tusks, which would rip open a hound. The intention is to employ eight or ten men who are familiar with the marshes and haunts of the hogs. With these Mr. Smith and some of his friends, all armed with rifee and shotguns, will await the appearance of the hogs in the thoroughfares and shoot them down. To complete their extermination will require a week or more, as they are roaming over hundreds of acres of marsh and thickes Endorsed by Musicians.

# THE PIANOLA

Is an instrument by means of which any one can play the piano.

The Pianola is bringing into use thousands of pianos that have been silent for many years.

It is making players of people who, lacking musical training, had never expected to experience the pleasure of producing music for themselves.

It is increasing the repertoire of amateur and professional pianists by making the entire literature of the piano instantly available without study and without

practice. The Pianola looks like a small cabinet. It has small felt-covered fingers that rest on the keys of the piano and, operated by pneumatic power, strike the keys with a pliant, yielding and remarkably sympathetic touch that is almost identical with that of the human fingers. When not in use the Pianola may be easily

rolled away from the piano and moved to another part of the room. The Pianola can be used in connection

with any piano and does not in any way mar or disfigure the instrument. It can be easily and quickly adjusted by any one.

The action of the Pianola is so simple that even a child can readily learn to play it; at the same time it is capable of so much expression that its greatest ad-mirers are those who best understand and appreciate good

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It is a significant fact that the Pianola is the only piano player which has received the endorsement of musicians.

EMIL SAUER orders two more Pianolas in a letter just received from him in Germany, and says:

"The instrument works in every respect absolutely perfect, and I am by this sensational and epoch-making invention more delighted than ever."

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skulked across the Nile and managed to get north to the Red Sea, intending doubtless to take refuge in Arabia; but he was captured, a few weeks ago, by Lieut Frank Burges of the British troops After his long and stormy career he is now having

a period of quiet in a prison cell. Osman was a great slave dealer in the eastern Soudan. He fell foul of both the British and the Egyptians, before the Mahdi rose to power, be cause they insisted in interfering with the slave dhows on the Red Sea that carried his human

one of the Greatest of the Mahdi's Warriors Falls Into His Enemies' Hands.

This is a picture of the famous Osman Digna, about whom more has been written than any other leader in the Soudan except the Mahdi himself and his successor, the Khalifa Abdullah. He is not arrayed here in fine attire, but in the ordinary dress of his Hadendowa Arabs, who wershipped him and achieved prodigies of valor under his lead. For years after the world came to know him he was repeatedly reported to have been killed in his battles between the Nile and the Red Sea. "Osman Digna killed again" became a common newspaper headline. But he still live years after he ceased to fight and escaped the Khalifa's fate in November last by discreetly returned from the field when fighting began. He skulked across the Nile and managed to get north.

Life in Suakim now is life in a beleaguered city.

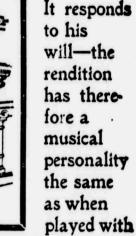
Of the postu around Suakim and came very near getting possession of the town. The best service any one femily and came were the stant of the was the achief which it was the achief what the which the Nile I was the achief the was the achief the which the Nile in which the Khalifa in the flight from any the extent in effectively closing the route of Suakim and the nile and the Nile. It was the achief was the achief the was the achief the was the achief the wounds Osman Digna, and his forces over the time was repeated to the Mahdist domain was more faithful to the fanatic cause than that which osman Digna held. For seven years he alternated the common newspaper headline. But he still like years after he ceased to fight and escaped that time the head of the Anglo British forces opposed to him was Col. Kitchener, now famous but then the unknow Governor of the Red Sea.

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The Pianola provides a source of pleasure for every one, whether he be novice or skilled musician.

It overcomes the difficulties of the unskilled by supplying the necessary technic to play any piece.

It satisfies the artistic demands of the musically cultured by allowing the player instantaneous control of the expression.



the human fingers.

230

Pianota in use with Upright Piano.

The claims made for the Pianola are marvelous-so also are the endorsements it has received from the great artists.

Emil Sauer has recently purchased two more Pianolas for friends in Germany. Why?

Come and hear the Pianola and judge for yourself.

that time the head of the Anglo British forces opposed to him was Col. Kitchener, now famous but then the unknown Governor of the Red Sea littoral. Kitchener was wounded in one of his at West on Handub, the headquarters of Osman's army. An Englishman in Suakim wrote in May, 1888:

Life in Suakim now is life in a beleaguered city. It is true that the headquarters of the fee is at Handub ten miles away, but for Europeans the isolation is as complete as though trenches were opened all around us. In the daytime we cannot advance a step beyond the range of our guns. A might it would be the height of folly for a straggler to venture beyond the walls.

But Osman Digna's long years of almost unfailing success had an end at last. The news came in February, 1891, that Handub had been captured. A little later all the big guns of Egypt fired salutes in honor of the occupation of Tokar by the Government forces and the complete defeat of Osman Digna. There was a panic when the reproached the fallen Emir for his defeat and banished him to the Atbara River. His influence was entirely gone. He had alienated the Arabs by the ruthless cruelty and most of his personal followers, on the retreat from Tokar, had perished of starvation.

Since that time Osman has been a person of no consequence. The advance of Kitchener up



merchandise to Arabia. Thus he had a private grievance as well as a large supply of religious fanaticism to spur him on to the hardest fighting. Nobody liked him except his own soldiers. Nobody ever made a hero of him except the men he led. He was morose, taciturn and cruel and his countenance was forbidding. But he had much chility. His home was in Suakim on the Red Sea, all his people lived in that region and it was not surprising that the Mahdi selected Osman, before the fall of Khartoum, to rally the faithful there and drive the infidels into the Red Sea. The rich slave merchant adopted the mean attire in which his master arrayed himself in those early days of his power, and on the march he would not ride, for he said that the Mahdi walked the earth and thereby made it holy.

The sort of a picnic he gave the British and Ecyptian forces at Suakim will always be remembered. The easiest and best approach to Khartoum'was across the desert from Suakim to Berber on the Nile, and the British, with a view to settling matters with the Mehdi in short order, brought a vast amount of railroad material to to settling matters with the Mahdi in short order, brought a vast annount of railread material to Snakim and began to stretch a line toward for ber. When Osman appeared on the scene, in 1833, he took possession of this railroad, tore up thousands of the sleepers and built a large fort with them at Handub. He spoiled the enterprise by this unexpected diversion of railroad material to other purposes and the line has not yet been built. He prepared a lot of scaling ladders with which he proposed to surmount the walls of Snakim and put the enemy to the sword. He never had a chance to use the ladders, but he captured most

## HYOMEI **CURES**

The Rev. Robert Boyce

# Consumption.

Gentlemen:—Three years ago I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs, leaving me with a terrible respiratory trouble. My friends became alarmed about my condition and advised me to try two noted physicians, which I did with nothing more than temporary relief. One day I saw an advertisement of "Hyomei." procured an outfit and began its use. From the very first time I used it I began to get better. Before this is pit blood a great deal, sometimes could scarcely speak above a whisper. The pains in my lungs were at times almost unendurable. In six weeks my cough was entirely gone. I continued gaining until my lungs are as strong as they ever were. I feel like a new man. God's blessing on Hyomei, it is a marvel. Yours very touly. REV. ROBERT BOYCE.

For the first time in the history of Medicine, the United States Health Reports published January 5th, 1900, show a decrease of 30 per cent. in the death rate from Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption during the past year, and claim that this reduction was entirely due to the use of the New Dry Air Germicide, "Hyomel," the discovery of which has made the permanent cure

of these diseases possible. HYOMEI CURES BY INHALATION. Coughs and colds cannot exist where it is used. It

is guaranteed to cure. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail. Complete Outfits, \$1.00.

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